TRIUMPH

Triumph Comics

№ 10

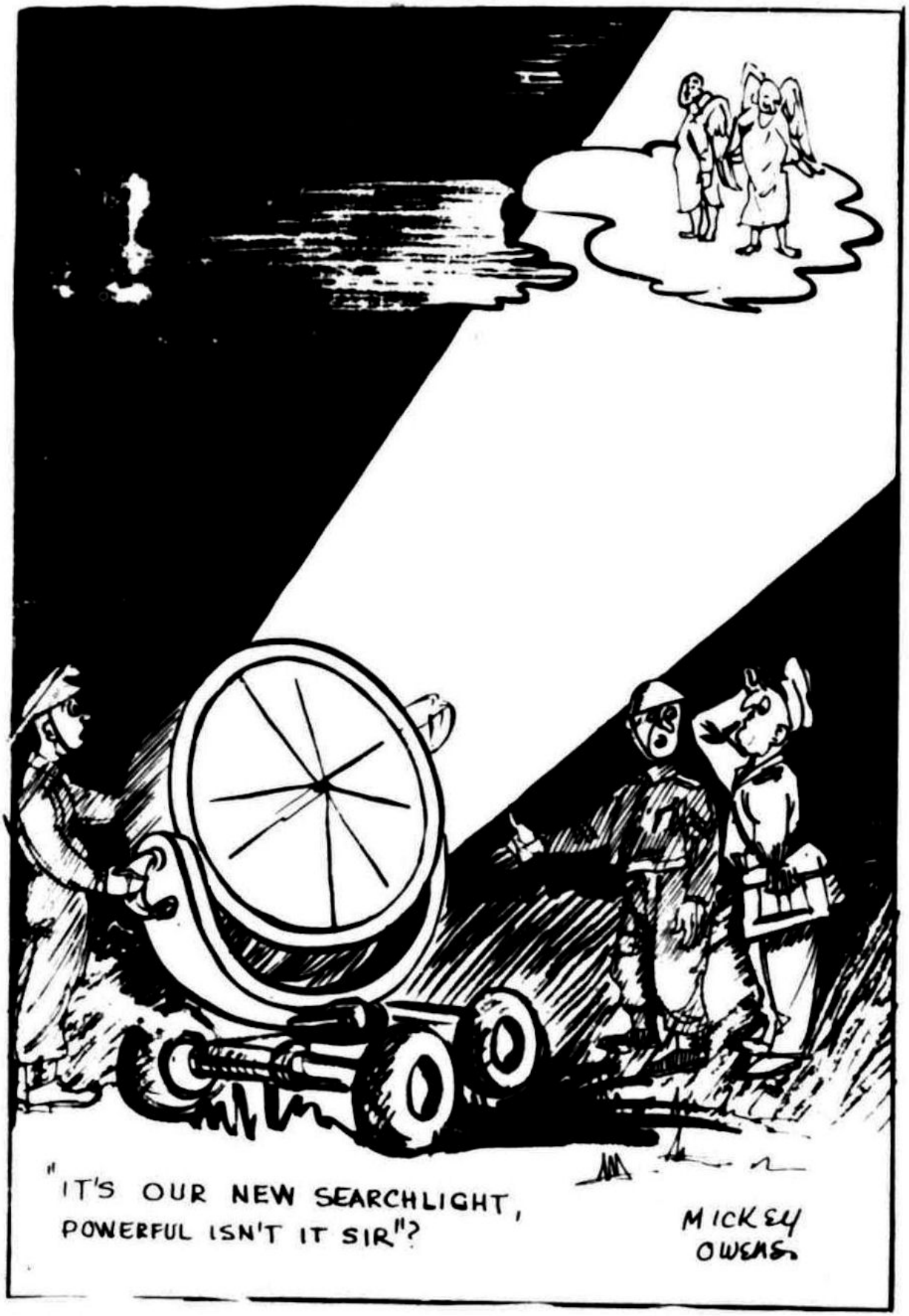
10¢

COMICS • 64 PAGES OF ENTERTAINMENT

COLONIAL DISTRIBUTORS

BELL CO. FEATURES

Supermouse
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Comics
Fantastic Tales
Cosmo Cat
Startling Comics
Strange Mysteries
Daring Adventures
Startling Comics
Mystery Tales
Exciting Comics
Famous Funnies
Strange Worlds
Startling Comics
Jetta
Mystery Tales
Startling Comics
Barnyard Comics
Exciting Comics
Eerie
Exciting Comics
Casper Cat
Daring Adventures
WEBCOMIC UNIVERSE.COM



Published by BELL FEATURES AND PUBLISHING COMPANY LIMITED, 165 YORK STREET, TORONTO, ONTARIO

Copyrights applied for. Contents must not be reproduced without permission. The publisher accepts no responsibility for unsolicited material. Any similarity between characters and names contained herein of any person either living or dead, is purely coincidental. All names and characters used are fictitious.

THE STORY SO FAR:

NELVANA REACHED THIS STRANGE LAND, HUNDREDS OF MILES BELOW THE POLE-STAR, JUST AS LIFE IS RETURNING AFTER FIVE MILLION YEARS. A STATUE IN THE STREET CAME TO LIFE AS *TARGA*, IN SEARCH OF HIS FATHER, *KING RANO*, WHO WAS CAPTURED BY A MAMMOTH-MAN. NELVANA AND TARGA RESCUE THE ELDERLY MONARCH AND KILL THE GIANT BRUTE.

IN THE ROYAL PALACE, NELVANA SEES MOVIES OF PREHISTORIC LIFE ON OUR CONTINENT, MILLIONS OF YEARS AGO. THE GLACIANS, WHO DO NOT REALIZE THAT THEY HAVE BEEN IN A STATE OF FROZEN SLEEP ALL THIS TIME, ARE AMAZED TO LEARN THAT NELVANA IS FROM THE WORLD ABOVE.

DURING A TERRIFIC BATTLE WITH THE MAMMOTH-MEN, TARGA IS WHIPPED UP BY A GIANT CLAW, AND, WHEN THE BEAST IS FINALLY KILLED BY CONTACT WITH NELVANA'S GREAT POWERS, THE PRINCE OF GLACIA IS HURLED FROM A HIGH ELEVATION TOWARD THE FLOOR OF THE CITY. APPARENTLY HIS DOOM IS SEALED----

TARGA SPINS DOWN INTO THE CITY, UNCONSCIOUS OF THE DEATH THAT CREEPS NEARER EVERY SECOND.

FROM THE STREET ELEVATION ABOVE, NELVANA STREAKS OUT INTO SPACE TO RESCUE HER FRIEND-
WITH THE SPEED OF A LIGHTNING SHAFT, SHE DESCENDS BELOW THE FALLING PRINCE- WITH HAND OUTSTRETCHED, SHE WAITS IN MID-AIR---
AS TARGA WHIZZES BY, ON HIS JOURNEY TO DEATH, NELVANA GRASPS HIS ARM,---WHIRLS MIRACULOUSLY TO BREAK HIS DESCENT-
THEN FOLLOWS THE RETURN JOURNEY OF HER AMAZING FLIGHT WITH TARGA'S LIMP FIGURE FIRMLY HOOKED BY THE ARM-

NELVANA'S SUDDEN RE-APPEARANCE DISTRACTED THE MAMMOTH-MEN-
AND THE DISTRACTION PROVED TO BE THE VERY OPPORTUNITY THE ALERT GLACIAN GUERRILLAS HAD BEEN WAITING FOR-
LIKE HORNETS THEY TOOK ADVANTAGE OF THE SITUATION- THE HUGE BEASTS HAD LOST THE INITIATIVE, AND WERE VAINLY ATTEMPTING TO WARD OFF THE CLOUDS OF DEADLY LIQUID-AIR-
BUT THEIR MORALE WAS BROKEN- THEY COULD NOT PASS NELVANA'S POWERFUL RAY-
THOSE THAT COULD DO SO, FLED FOR THEIR LIVES, BUT SPEED WAS IMPOSSIBLE FOR THESE COLOSSIANS, AND NEARLY ALL WERE KILLED-

THE FRIGHTENED CRIES OF THE DISAPPEARING MAMMOTH-MEN, WERE SOON DROWNED BY CHEERS FROM THE VICTORIOUS GLACIAN ARMY-
ONE RIOTOUS SOLDIER CARRIED THE CELEBRATIONS TOO FAR---HE EMPTIED HIS POLAR-THERMO GUN HIGH OVER HIS HEAD.
WITH A LOUD CRACKLE, A TALL BUILDING BURST INTO FLAME-
TARGA WAS LOOKING FOR NELVANA, WHO HAD BEEN PARTED FROM HIM BY THE PRESSING CROWDS, WHEN HE NOTICED THE SOLDIER RUNNING FROM THE FLAMES.
CATCH THAT FOOL AND BRING HIM HERE, AT ONCE!

THE SULLEN, STRUGGLING CULPRIT IS BROUGHT BEFORE THE PRINCE, BUT REFUSES TO TALK -
SO YOU HAVE NOTHING TO SAY, IN YOUR DEFENSE? ALRIGHT! LOCK HIM UP, MEN!!
TARGA RESUMED HIS SEARCH FOR NELVANA, AND WAS HORRIFIED TO SEE HER STANDING BENEATH A BURNING, SWAYING BUILDING -
NELVANA, L-LOOK OUT, IT'S FALLING!!
BUT, THE DAUGHTER OF THE NORTHERN LIGHTS SEEMS NOT TO HEAR THE WARNING -
WITH A RENDING CRASH, THE HUGE BUILDING TOPPLES DOWN UPON NELVANA -
SHE'S G-GONE!!

THE INFERNO THAT RAGED ABOUT HIM FORCED TARGA TO TEAR HIMSELF AWAY FROM THE SCENE OF NELVANA'S TRAGIC DEATH-
FIRE--TOO FAR ADVANCED FOR LOCAL BRIGADES--POLAROID BLACKOUT!
HIGH ABOVE THE CITY, NEAR THE IMMENSE POLARITE ROOF, MEN COULD BE SEEN COMPLETING A PERILOUS CLIMB TO THE THERMO-STATIC CONTROL CHAMBER-

ONCE INSIDE THE CONTROL CHAMBER, HANDS OF THE SKILLED ENGINEERS BEGAN DEFTLY MANIPULATING COMPLICATED LEVERS AND DIALS-
SLOWLY, BEFORE THE EYES OF THE FRIGHTENED POPULACE, A HUGE SCREEN OF POLAROID COVERED THE GIANT CIRCULAR ROOF-

THE ATMOSPHERE OF GLACIA BECAME CHILLY, AS DARKNESS INCREASED AND SOON BREATH COULD BE SEEN ISSUING FROM THE MOUTHS OF THE ANXIOUS FACES.
WHEN THE LAST VESTIGE OF LIGHT HAD BEEN SCREENED, THE WATCHERS BECAME AWARE OF THE COLD-
KEEP MOVING AROUND, EVERY ONE!
A DEATH-LIKE MIST COVERED THE UNTOUCHED BUILDINGS WITH PICTURESQUE FESTOONS OF ICE-
AND GRADUALLY, THE SUB-ZERO TEMPERATURE DROVE DOWN THE FLAMES-
MEANWHILE, IN A PRISON CELL, A SILENT FIGURE CREEPS UP TO THE BARS--- A MISSILE IN IT'S HAND.

A HAND CRASHES THROUGH THE BARS! --A HEAVY OBJECT FALLS WITH A THUD UPON THE HEAD OF THE UN-SUSPECTING GUARD-

WITH THE JAILER'S KEYS, THE PRISONER MAKES GOOD HIS ESCAPE- OUTSIDE THE CELL, HE PAUSES CAUTIOUSLY---LISTENING-
ALL'S QUIET-- NO ONE AROUND!

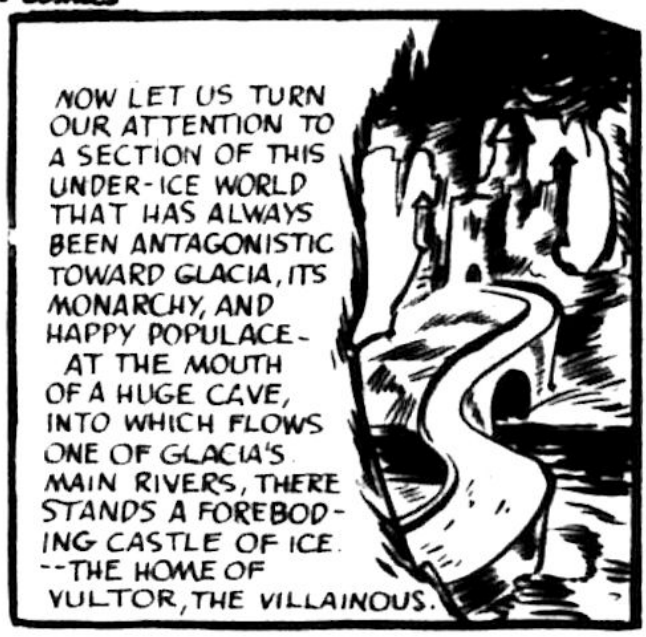
THE CULPRIT DASHES AWAY IN THE GLOOMY SILENCE
BETTER MAKE FOR THE RIVER!

WITH THE WARMTH OF THE RETURN-ING LIGHT, THE RIVER MOVES AGAIN, AND THE MYSTERIOUS FIGURE, UNMINDFUL OF THE COLD WATER, PLUNGES IN AND STROKES HIS WAY OUT OF SIGHT, DOWNSTREAM

ABOVE THE STILL RIVER, THE FIGURE STIFFENS FOR A MOMENT, AS TARGA'S VOICE BLARES FROM A LOUD-SPEAKER -
FIRE UNDER CONTROL!
POLARITE

AMONG THE SMOULDERING RUINS, TARGA CONTINUES HIS SEARCH FOR NELVANA'S BODY-- WHEN---
THE PRINCE OF GLACIA WHEELS AROUND, AND GASPS IN DELIGHTED SURPRISE.
A GLOVED HAND PRODS HIS SHOULDER-
NELVANA! YOU?!!
YES, TARGA! IT IS I!!
B-BUT HOW-?
MY MIGHTY FATHER'S PROTECTION SEEMS TO PUZZLE YOU, I CAN SEE I DID NOT WISH TO CAUSE YOU ANY CONCERN, BUT, WHEN I AM CON-FRONTED BY IMPENDING DANGER I BECOME ABSORBED IN KOLIAK'S POWERFUL RAY, AND REMAIN INVISIBLE TO MORTAL EYES UNTIL THE DANGER IS PASSED! UNDERSTAND?
NO, I DON'T! FRANKLY, I AM ASTOUNDED AT THE POWERS YOU POSSESS!

BUT, I'M MORE THAN THANKFUL FOR YOUR SAFETY!


NOW LET US TURN OUR ATTENTION TO A SECTION OF THIS UNDER-ICE WORLD THAT HAS ALWAYS BEEN ANTAGONISTIC TOWARD GLACIA, ITS MONARCHY, AND HAPPY POPULACE- AT THE MOUTH OF A HUGE CAVE, INTO WHICH FLOWS ONE OF GLACIA'S MAIN RIVERS, THERE STANDS A FOREBODING CASTLE OF ICE. --THE HOME OF VULTOR, THE VILLAINOUS.

VULTOR'S CHARACTER IS A WEIRD MIXTURE OF ANIMAL AND HUMAN QUALITIES- FORTUNATELY FOR HIM, HIS HANDS ALONE BETRAY HIS MAMMOTH ANCESTRY, BUT THESE ARE ALWAYS ENCASED IN FLESH-LIKE GLOVES.

HIS EYES POSSESS STRANGE EVIL POWERS. HIS SLAVES, THE MAMMOTH MEN ARE SAID TO BE DOCILE CREATURES, UNTIL CHARGED WITH VULTOR'S DESTRUCTIVE HATRED.

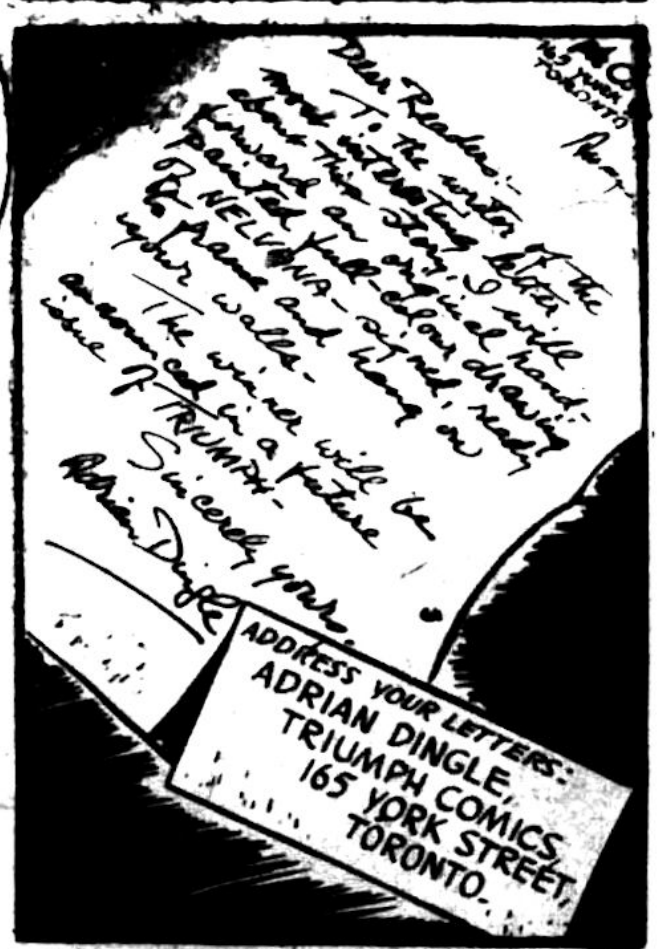
THIS WIZARD OF HYPNOSIS, LIVES IN A LUXURIOUS SETTING OF SENSUAL BEAUTY- HIS TIME USUALLY SPENT IN DREAMING UP NEW SCHEMES WHEREBY HE MIGHT REALIZE HIS AMBITION- NAMELY, TO DESTROY KING RANO AND WIN FOR HIMSELF THE POWER TO RULE GLACIA

ON THIS DAY, ANGERED BY THE RECENT DEFEAT OF HIS MAMMOTH MEN, THE VILLAINOUS ONE ORDERED HIS DANCING GIRLS TO RESUME THEIR CONTORTIONS AND SOOTHE HIS ENFURIATED BRAIN -- THE DOORS SUDDENLY BURST OPEN, SERVANTS ENTERED, DRAGGING A LIMP FIGURE.
ONE OF OUR MEN PICKED THIS GLACIAN DOG FROM THE RIVER, OH MIGHTY ONE! SHALL WE PUT HIM TO DEATH?
AH, A DESPISED GLACIAN, EH? YES ALL SUCH SCUM MUST DIE!!
THE EXHAUSTED, WATER-SODDEN MAN LIFTED HIS HEAD WEARILY IN PROTEST, AND TRIED TO SPEAK -
WAIT! I AM A GLACIAN BY BIRTH, YES, BUT I, TOO DESPISE RANO! I HAVE A PLAN WHICH WOULD ENABLE YOU TO RULE GLACIA.
UNHAND HIM, GUARDS! PERCHANCE THE MAN DOES NOT LIE - HE HAS INDEED TAKEN RISKS TO GET HERE!

I STARTED A FIRE IN GLACIA, MIGHTY ONE, AND DURING THE BLACKOUT WHICH WAS ORDERED TO EXTINGUISH THE FLAMES, I ESCAPED, UNNOTICED, BY THE RIVER - FOLLOW MY PLAN, AND YOU WILL BE RULER OF GLACIA BEFORE THE WEEK IS SPENT.

GIVE THIS MAN FOOD AND RAIMENT AND RETURN HIM TO ME THAT I MAY LEARN HIS PLAN - - - BUT IF THIS BE A TRICK, 'TWILL BE YOUR LAST MEAL, GLACIAN DOG!

[illegible] THESE GLACIANS [illegible] OF THIS WORLD! IF THIS MAN IS LYING, I SHALL HAVE THE PLEASURE OF KILLING HIM - - LIFE WAS GETTING A LITTLE DULL!
SO - - THE GLACIAN SOLDIER IS A TRAITOR! AND THE "FIRE" WAS NO ACCIDENT AFTER ALL! WHAT EVIL PLAN IS ABOUT TO BE HATCHED AGAINST GLACIA'S ROYAL FAMILY?
DON'T MISS VULTOR'S PLOT!
NEXT MONTH -


Dear Readers:-
To the writer of the most interesting letter about this story, I will forward an original hand-painted full-colour drawing of NELVANA - signed, ready for frame and hang on your walls.
The winner will be announced in a future issue of TRIUMPH.
Sincerely yours,
Adrian Dingle
ADDRESS YOUR LETTERS:- ADRIAN DINGLE, TRIUMPH COMICS, 165 YORK STREET, TORONTO.

HITS

THE NEWS-STANDS WITH THE TERRIFIC POWER OF A COMMANDO RAID!

NOW ON SALE FROM COAST TO COAST - GET YOUR COPY TO-DAY!

10¢ ANYWHERE

COMMANDO COMICS

68 PAGES OF WAR!

"THE SIGN OF FREEDOM"
"The YOUNG COMMANDOS"
"INVISIBLE COMMANDO"
"CLIFT. STEELE"
"WINGS OVER THE ATLANTIC"
"ACE BRADLEY"
AND MANY MORE THRILLING FEATURES!

The Greatest ARTISTS IN COMIC BOOKS COMBINE TO GIVE YOU ONE DYNAMIC WAR COMIC

• • • V —

LEO. BACHLE ✱ ED. GOOD ✱ AL. COOPER
MURRAY KARN ✱ ADRIAN DINGLE ✱
TED STEELE ✱ ROSS SAAKEL ✱
LEWIS PARKER ✱ MEL. CRAWFORD ✱
JACK TREMBLEY ✱ ED. LEGAULT ✱
✱ BERNARD CLARKE ✱

BELL FEATURES

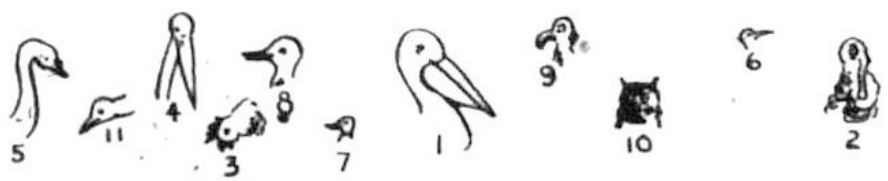
LOOK FOR THE BELL ON THE COVER!

ADRIAN DINGLE

WELL MAYBE YOU DIDN'T WINK AT THEM BUT IT'S DARN FUNNY THAT EVERY TIME WE WATCH A PARADE SOMETHING GETS IN YOUR EYE

WINNERS OF THE "DUCKY" CONTEST!

HERE ARE THE NUMBERS OF THE BIRDS HEADS IN THE PROPER PLACE.



STANLEY MACCOY WINNIPEG MAN.
HARVEY CHAMBERLAIN NIAGARA FALLS
JIMMIE CHAFFE ST CATHERINES ONT
RALPH MACKARACHER PICTOU N.S
GEOFFREY HYDE VANCOUVER B.C.
ALICE COLLET CALGARY ALTA.
MONTE OLSON CEYLON SASK.
AGNES DELHIE PEMBROKE ONT.
JIMMIE KNIGHT TORONTO ONT.
ALFRED JONES CALGARY ALTA.
G. CLENDENNING SARNIA ONT.
KEITH TWEED CANWOOD SASK.
JEFFREY SMITH MONTREAL QUE.

DALE HIBBARD GRAND MERE QUE
LEONARD DELL THOROLD ONT
JUNE ROSENTHAL DIGBY N.S.
ANDY KOJUL GATINEAU MILLS QUE.
BETTY RENNIE ELMSDALE P.E.I.
BARRY SIGMOND EDMONTON ALTA.
GORDON GRACIE TORONTO ONT.
JOHN FRANCEY PORT ARTHUR ONT.
RONALD WOLFE EVANSBURG ALTA.
SUSIE WEBER FORT LANGLEY B.C.
LARRY POLNIK BRANDON MAN.
JIMMIE MAC KENZIE EDMONTON ALTA.

ADDRESSES WILL BE GIVEN ON REQUEST

For a

TERRIFIC EPISODE

of "SCOTTY" MACDONALD

Don't fail to get your **DIME COMICS** early!

'AL' COOPER SAT UP ALL NIGHT DRAWING—
YOU'LL SIT UP ALL NIGHT----READING!!

HERE'S THE 1ST. PAGE OF HIS STRIP—

WE HAVE ADDED 10,000 EXTRA COPIES TO THIS PRINT RUN, MAKING 60,000 COPIES IN ALL!
THE MOST POPULAR COMIC MAGAZINE IN CANADA

YOUR OTHER FAVOURITES ARE ALSO FEATURED!

REX BAXTER, AND "THE ISLAND OF DOOM." by EDMOND GOOD.

JOHNNY CANUCK ON THE RUSSIAN FRONT, HELPING STALIN SMASH THE NAZI HORDE.

Your old friend **WILD BILL** RIDES AGAIN!

ON SALE ANYWHERE IN CANADA

10¢

SPEED SAVAGE
WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY
T.A. STEELE
THE HUNCHBACK STRIKES!

THE STORY THUS FAR...
SPEED SAVAGE, FAMOUS ATHLETE AND CRIMINOLIGIST IS INVESTIGATING A SERIES OF MURDERS, AND ACTS OF WANTON VIOLENCE AT PINE LAKE, THE CANADIAN SUMMER SPORTS CENTRE. SOMEONE IS TRYING TO FORCE GLORIA MASON, THE YOUTHFUL OWNER OF PINE LODGE INTO CLOSING THE PLACE UP. SPEED ENTERS AND WINS A DIVING TOURNAMENT, AND THE FAMOUS ANNUAL CANADIAN OPEN MOTORBOAT RACE, BUT IN BOTH EVENTS MURDER AND ATTEMPTED MURDER OCCUR. WHILE THE GUESTS OF THE LODGE ARE CELEBRATING THE RACE AT A MASQUERADE BALL, SPEED, IN THE ROLE OF THE "WHITE MASK" TRACKS DOWN A MYSTERIOUS HUNCHBACK. WHO HE BELIEVES IS THE CRIMINAL. THE HUNCHBACK SHOOTS SPEED AND SETS OUT FOR THE LODGE... TO "GET THEM ALL"!
I WONDER WHERE ON EARTH SPEED COULD BE? HE SHOULD BE HERE!
I AINT KICKIN!
WHILE VERONICA IS UNEASY AT HIS ABSENCE, SPEED SAVAGE, "THE WHITE MASK" LIES IN SILENT AGONY ON THE FLOOR OF THE HUNCHBACK'S CABIN!
HAAA! THE GAY YOUNG PEOPLE CELEBRATE THE "RACE," JUST AS THEY DID 13 YEARS AGO.... TRULY A FITTING OCCASION FOR MY REVENGE
ALL IS GAY WITHIN PINE LODGE... HAAAAA!

SOON THE MIDNIGHT HOUR WILL BE HERE... AND THE HUNCHBACK WILL JOIN THE PARTY AS THEY UNMASK!
THE HUNCHBACK REACHES PINE LODGE AND MAKES HIS WAY TO A SECRET ENTRANCE ON THE EDGE OF THE FOREST.....

MEANWHILE IN THE HUNCHBACK'S CABIN, SPEED SAVAGE STAGGERS TO HIS FEET, BLEEDING FROM A GUN WOUND.
LUCKY THAT'S JUST A FLESH WOUND EVEN THO' IT HURTS LIKE BLAZES

SPEED APPLIES FIRST AID TO THE WOUND AND IS ABOUT TO SET OUT IN PURSUIT OF THE HUNCHBACK. WHEN HIS EYE FALLS ON A COPY OF AN OLD NEWSPAPER....
GOOD LORD! THIS EXPLAINS EVERYTHING!
TORONTO

I HOPE I'M NOT TOO LATE!

SPEED, BEHIND THE WHEEL OF THE "BLACK FURY" ROARS AWAY FROM THE HUNCHBACK'S ISLAND. THIS TIME THE BLACK FURY IS IN A RACE WITH DEATH, FOR THE "WHITE MASK" KNOWS THE IDENTITY OF THE HUNCHBACK!
BLACK FURY 13
AND WHILE SPEED RACES TOWARD PINE LODGE, THE MYSTERIOUS HUNCH-BACKED FIGURE MOVES SWIFTLY THRU THE UNDERGROUND PASSAGES OF THE LODGE ...THE TIME .....11-59!...
...AND ONE MINUTE LATER, IN THE BALLROOM
WELL, LADS AND LASSIES, THE MIDNITE HOUR IS AT HAND. YESSIR, IT'S TIME TO CRAWL OUT FROM BEHIND THOSE MASKS AND FIND OUT WHOSE WIFE YOU'VE BEEN JIVIN' WITH, AND I THINK IT RATHER APPROPRIATE THAT AT THIS TIME WE CALL ON A CERTAIN FELLOW TO COME UP HERE AND GIVE WITH A FEW SYLLABLES. YOU ALL KNOW HIM, HE'S THE GUY WHO'S BEEN WINNING ALL THE CUPS AROUND HERE, YESSIR WE WANT SPEED SAVAGE TO COME UP AND TAKE THE PROVERBIAL BOW!
W

A QUESTIONING MURMUR RUNS THRU THE CROWD AS SPEED FAILS TO MAKE AN APPEARANCE, AND SUDDENLY, THE MURMUR CHANGES TO A GASP OF HORROR AND ALL EYES ARE FOCUSED ON ONE OF THE BALCONIES.....
HOLD YOUR BABBLING TONGUE, MY VOLUBLE FRIEND, YOU ASKED FOR A SPEECH FROM THE GREAT ATHLETE SPEED SAVAGE ON THE NIGHT OF HIS VICTORY. SPEED SAVAGE IS DEAD! AND I, THE HUNCHBACK, WILL DO THE TALKING!
LISTEN CHUM, IF THIS IS YOUR IDEA OF A GAG, ITS MISP.....
DOES THIS FEEL LIKE A GAG?
THE RAT! HE SHOT WOODY!
COME ON GANG, LET'S PLAY SOME BOOGIE WOOGIE ON HIS SKULL!
TAKE IT EASY LADS, HE JUST NICKED ME. WE BETTER SIT TIGHT... THE GUY'S HALF CRACKED, AND HE'S GOT A GUN!

LET THAT BE A WARNING! SHOULD ANY ONE OF YOU MAKE A MOVE.. ....YOU DIE!
HAAA.....YOU SIMPERING WRETCHES! YOU STAND THERE AND SHUDDER IN FEAR AT THE SIGHT OF MY HUNCHED BODY..AND MY HORRIBLE FACE. AND AMONG YOU IS THE ONE WHO IS RESPONSIBLE FOR MY APPEARANCE!
TONIGHT, YOU CELEBRATE THE FAMOUS SPEED BOAT RACE.....DO YOU REMEMBER THE RACE THAT TOOK PLACE 13 YEARS AGO, EH?...DO REMEMBER THAT.....MY DEAR GLORIA MASON.
NO..... NO.....IT CAN'T BE.... YOU'RE ....DEAD!
THAT WAS THE GENERAL SUPPOSITION... BUT.....

...LET US SAY I HAVE COME BACK FROM THE DEAD...
...TO BRING YOU A GIFT! MY DEAR GLORIA ....A GIFT... OF....
...ACID... FOR YOUR LOVELY FACE
NO, NO.. PLEASE
THE HUNCHBACK LEAPS FROM THE BALCONY AND STRIDES ACROSS THE DANCE FLOOR...
...AND AMID THE HORRIFIED SCREAMS OF THE CROWD, THE HUNCH-BACK SEIZES GLORIA MASON. THE HIDEOUS CREATURE WHIPS OUT A BOTTLE OF ACID FROM HIS COAT....GLORIA CRIES OUT IN TERROR AS THE BOTTLE IS RAISED HIGH..WHEN... SUDDENLY, THROUGH THE DOORWAY....
TAKE YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF THE GIRL. SIMON!
...WHITE MASK

YOU!
YES ME! I DON'T DIE VERY EASILY!
WHAT ABOUT THIS TIME!

THE "WHITE MASK" AND THE HUNCHBACK, LOCKED IN STRUGGLE, BATTLE FOR THE POSSESSION OF THE GUN.... SPEED FINALLY FORCES THE HUNCH BACK TO DROP IT AND KICKS IT OUT OF REACH... BUT THE HUNCH BACK BREAKS SPEED'S GRIP, AND GLARES MADLY ABOUT FOR A NEW WEAPON. SPOTTING A COSTUMED KNIGHT, HE SIEZES HIS MACE AND IS ABOUT TO PUT AN END TO THE DEFE -LESS "WHITE MASK"... WHEN SUDDENL
CURSE YOU!
THAT'S IT, SIMON, DROP THE GUN BEFORE YOU HURT YOURSELF
THIS WILL DO THE JOB!
THANK'S CHUM!
Y-YOU'RE W-W-WELCOM
.....SPEED GRABS A RAPIER FROM A "CAVALIER", AND TURNS TO MEET THE HUNCHBACKS MAD RUSH!
NOW YOU DIE!
KEEP BACK SIMON, OR I'LL RUN THROUG

THE FOLLOWING DAY SPEED AND VERONICA START BACK FOR THE CITY, AND AS THEY DRIVE SPEED TELLS HIS LOVELY ASSISTANT THE SECRET OF THE HUNCHBACK OF PINE LAKE..

"WELL RONNIE, THE ORIGIN OF THE HUNCHBACK BEGAN 13 YEARS AGO, FOR UP UNTIL THAT TIME SIMON BACKLE WAS AN ACE MOTOR BOAT RACE DRIVER. HE WAS AN EXPERT, BUT HE WAS CROOKED AND HAD A REPUTATION FOR WINNING RACES AT ANY COST EVEN MURDER, HOWEVER HE WAS SLIPPERY ENOUGH TO GET AWAY WITH IT. THEN CAME THE BIG CANADIAN OPEN MOTORBOAT RACE OF 1927 AND BACKLE WAS DETERMINED TO CARRY AWAY THE PURSE OF FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS BY FAIR OR FOUL MEANS. THE RACE WAS HELD AS USUAL AT PINE LAKE AND SIMON BACKLE FEARED ONLY ONE BOAT AND THAT WAS OWNED BY JOE MASON, GLORIA'S FATHER. SIMON PLANTED A DEVICE IN MASON'S BOAT AND DURING THE RACE JOE MASON'S BOAT BURST INTO FLAMES... SIMON EXPECTED THAT, BUT THE UNEXPECTED HAPPENED.. MASON'S BOAT CRASHED INTO BACKLE'S. MASON WAS KILLED AND BACKLE WAS HORRIBLY BURNED AND DEFORMED. HE SPENT YEARS IN PRISON HOSPITAL.. ESCAPED.. AND DISAPPEARED. PEOPLE THOUGHT HE WAS DEAD, BUT HE CAME BACK TO PINE LAKE, LIVED SECRETLY ON ONE OF THE ISLANDS, AND WREAKED VENGEANCE ON JOE MASON'S DAUGHTER BY SCARING PEOPLE AWAY. HE EVEN HIRED WILLIAM BREZZLITT, A CHEAP THUG, TO HELP HIM IN ACTS OF VIOLENCE ABOUT PINE LODGE ..WHEN I TRACKED DOWN BREZZLITT, BACKLE MURDERED HIM. THEN ON THE 13TH ANNIVERSARY OF HIS ILL-FATED RACE, BACKLE CAME AS YOU KNOW, TO THE LODGE, TO KILL OR MAIM GLORIA MASON, FOR IN HIS TWISTED MIND, HE BLAMED JOE MASON THE MAN HE HAD KILLED, FOR HIS HIDEOUS APPEARANCE."

"SPEED SAVAGE"

WRITTEN + ILLUSTRATED BY ~~LA STEELE~~

IS BACK IN TRIUMPH COMICS NEXT MONTH, IN A CROWD ROARING FAST-ACTION FOOTBALL MYSTERY... "FIRST DOWN 3 TO KILL"

"WOW" COMICS

NOW 10¢ ONLY

ON SALE ANYWHERE IN CANADA

FREE CONTEST for CASH PRIZES!

4 GREAT PICTURE STRIPS

THE EXCITING AIR ADVENTURES OF "CRASH CARSON" AND HIS TROUBLE-SOME PAL "TANK" MULLIGAN, IN THE DEVIL'S ANGELS SQDN.

THE JUNGLE TALE OF TREASURES, WILD ANIMALS, TREACHERY AND INTRIGUE, WITH JEFF K'ARING "KING OF THE JUNGLE"

THE DARING EXPLOITS OF PIRATES WITH DART DARING AND HIS EXPERT SWORDSMANSHIP.

THE WAR EXPERIENCES OF "WHIZ" WALLACE AS A NAVY TEST PILOT.

LOOK FOR THE BELL FEATURES ON THE COVER

DESERT OUTPOST

Imagine the personnel's surprise as they waited with eager anticipation to see the new commandant, sent from Britain's Colonial Headquarters, step off the now-silent passenger aeroplane from Nairobi.

The Commandant had been ordered by the "home office" to charter an aeroplane, fly to Mombasa, thence to Nairobi, and finally to his destination, Mabu-Clavai. Shading their eyes from the glare of the mid-day sun, high in the zenith, they watched a slight figure emerge and alight from the aeroplane. Groaning, they mistook the officer for an aged man.

The lieutenant, stepping forward, to bestow upon the wretch, the customary greetings, received a violent surprise, which left him gaping quite uncordially, into the eyes of a very beautiful young woman. Likewise, the members of the garrison around him were dumbfounded.

Quickly recovering his apparently forgotten manners, he introduced the young commandant to the staff members with many an extra flourish, as was afterward remarked, than was usually necessary.

In fact, the delighted Englishmen ordered a feast in her honour, whose name, incidentally, they quickly found out to be Miss Margarette McNaughton. It had been about four years since any of them had seen a white woman, and so naturally they were in high spirits.

Their revelry, however, was soon dispelled. A group of German tourists, it seemed, had formerly passed through Kenya, examining everything as they went, and now a great German air raid was expected any day.

News had been received from London to have in readiness all air raid precautions.

With the generous help of her officers, very willingly given, Margarette accomplished, under the admiring eyes of every soldier, in a very short time, the full precautions expected.

No sooner had they finished, and calm settled over the village, (the lull before the storm) the lax of wartime precautions and activities, than a message, an imperatively urgent warning from Mombasa, later relayed by Nairobi, was deciphered.

"Eighteen enemy bombers, escorted by fighters, and led by reconnaissance aeroplanes, on their way!"

Quickly the peaceful village was awakened into a beehive of activity. Under the skillful and clever directions of their leader, no pandemonium reigned and everything was rapidly made ready.

The aeroplanes, a later dispatch an-

nounced, were headed into the interior, destination unknown, but all equipment should be readily put into action.

Four Spitfires, hurriedly sent from Nairobi, arrived in the early afternoon, fifteen minutes before the German aeroplanes. The five Hurricanes, already the worst for wear, Mabu-Clavai's only aerial defense, were speedily rolled out, ready for a hasty take-off.

Then, after everything was in readiness, air raid shelters opened, camouflaged hangar doors closed, buildings, huts, etc., deserted, the heart-rending waiting . . . waiting, straining of ears and eyes to hear the menacing drone, rumble like distant thunder, the approach of heavy bombers, and see the huge steel monsters shining in the waning sun, appear overhead.

Margarette continued her rounds, even when the "take cover" sirens blew and A.R.P. Wardens ushered everyone off the nearly deserted streets, and warning her and a few other fort members to take cover, hastily sought it themselves.

Margarette, accompanied by the lieutenant, went out and bid a swift farewell to the pilots, and air crew, boarding the waiting planes. Margarette watched their young faces, faces of men, yet only mere boys. They told a story. Eager to anticipate in a fight, they clambered into the cockpits, ready to disperse the death - dealing enemies, perhaps die themselves, or, if God willed it, to come back, weary and oil-begrimed, step out of the aeroplanes, have a short nap, help clear up the ruins, and call it a day's work.

With a mighty roar they slid from the field, soared into the heavens above, circled and waited, like hawks, or vultures, waiting for an unsuspecting prey.

Perhaps they themselves would be the prey, quite likely,—how could they, with nine aircraft, fight off thirty-odd superior craft? But they had superior

raptured silence, with upturned faces, to the sky, watching the descending, battered R.A.F. planes, and the receding German aircraft, diminished to five, crestfallen aeroplanes. The rest had gone to their graves on British territory.

There was no "retreat" that night.

brains, courage, and honour, along with good-sportsmanship on their side. Surely they could outwit the foe!

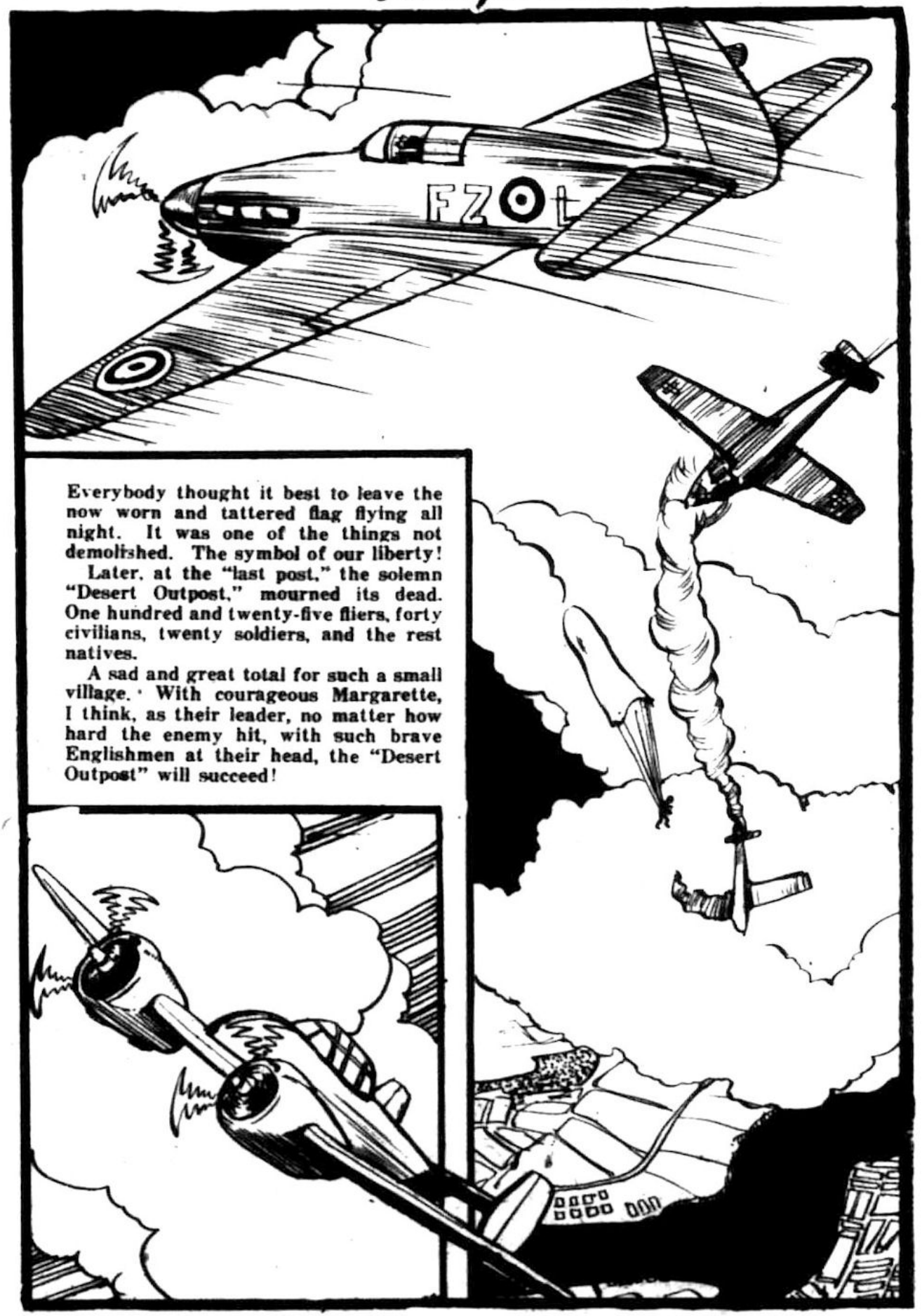
The next hour, which seemed like a year, added at least ten years to everyone's life, was one of terror, horrible realities, and crime at its worse

One of the largest air raid shelters was demolished by a direct hit. A dozen bleeding, mangled bodies were quickly uncovered and first-aid applied, to which only three responded, the rest being beyond human help.

Most of the buildings lay in utter ruin, five German Messerschmitts 108 lay burning in a distant field. Eight German fliers, bailed out, were hurried into a shelter. One R.A.F. aeroplane, uselessly damaged, landed safely, the injured pilot was helped to the nearest aid centre.

Margarette, like a modern Florence Nightingale, shunned the shelters, and tended mercifully the wounded, sick and maimed.

When finally the "all-clear" signal screeched and wailed its welcome message, people tumbled out of shelters, and stood, with glistening eyes and en-

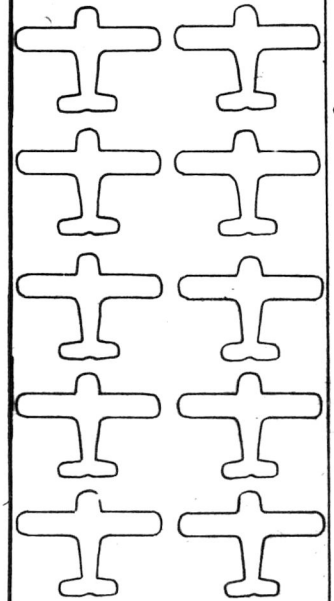

FZ
Everybody thought it best to leave the now worn and tattered flag flying all night. It was one of the things not demolished. The symbol of our liberty!
Later, at the "last post," the solemn "Desert Outpost," mourned its dead. One hundred and twenty-five fliers, forty civilians, twenty soldiers, and the rest natives.
A sad and great total for such a small village. With courageous Margarette, I think, as their leader, no matter how hard the enemy hit, with such brave Englishmen at their head, the "Desert Outpost" will succeed!

AERIAL BATTLE GAME

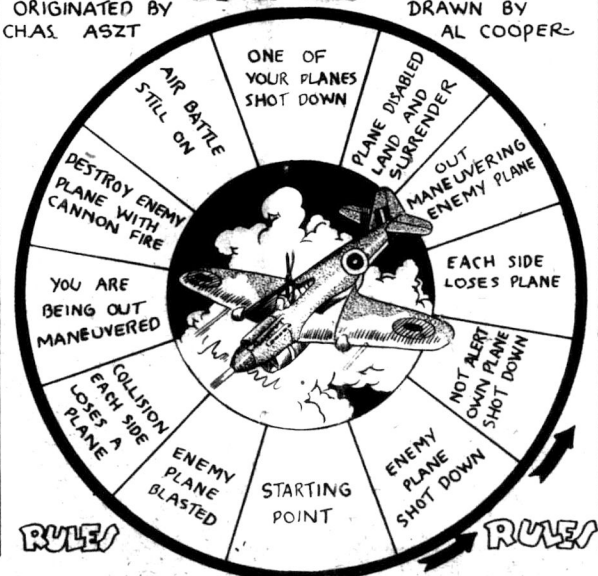
ORIGINATED BY CHAS. ASZT

DRAWN BY AL COOPER

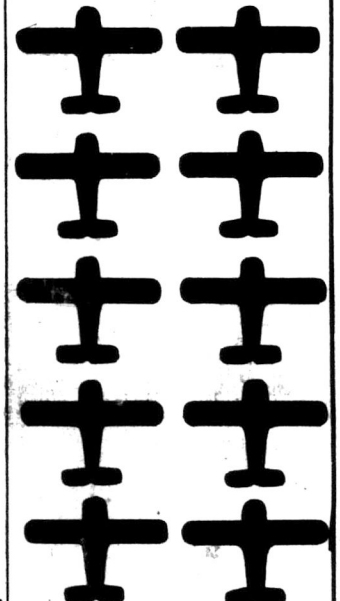
CUT OUT PLANES



CUT OUT MARKER



CUT OUT PLANES



CUT OUT MARKER

① TWO PERSONS MAY PLAY THIS GAME, ONE TAKING THE BLACK, THE OTHER TAKING THE WHITE SQUADRON... ② THE PLAYERS PLACE THEIR MARKERS ON THE START. EACH PLAYER THEN TAKES TURNS IN TOSSING A COIN — IF HEAD TURNS UP MOVE MARKER ONE SPACE, IF TAIL SHOWS UP, THEN MOVE MARKER TWO SPACES ③ KEEP TOSSING COIN AND MOVING IN DIRECTION OF ARROW UNTIL ONE SIDE LOSES.

Fella's!

HERE'S ANOTHER EASY-TO-BUILD

'BURD' PLANE KIT

JUNKER JU87B DIVE BOMBER

KIT $1.95 ONLY

42" MODEL

HUNDREDS OF THESE PLANES WERE LOST BY THE ENEMY OVER FRANCE AND ENGLAND.

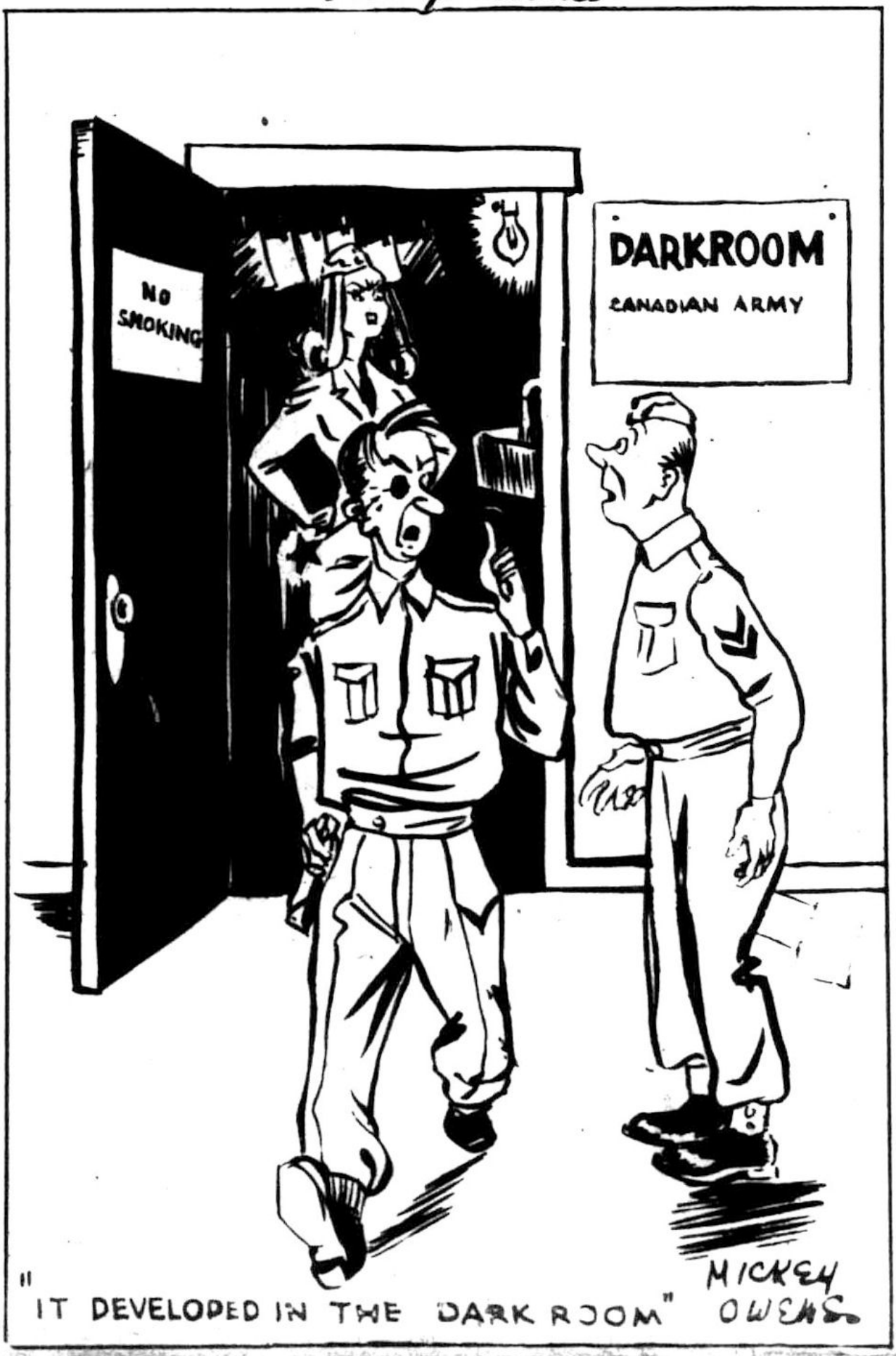
TRANS CANADA MAIL ORDER CO., 169 YORK ST., TORONTO.

PLEASE RUSH ME THE 42" JUNKERS JU87B DIVE BOMBER KIT, $1.95, EXPRESS COLLECT.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY OR TOWN _____ PROV. _____



"IT DEVELOPED IN THE DARK ROOM"

CANADA'S FASTEST-SELLING "ACTION" COMIC BOOK—
And no wonder - LOOK HERE
DIXON OF THE MOUNTED
THE BRAIN
CAPT. 'RED' THORTAN
ACTIVE JIM
THUNDERFIST
WRESTLING GAME
ACTIVE JIM
10¢ AT YOUR FAVOURITE NEWSTAND—

TANG

BANG

STORY AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY - Rene L. Kulbach.

EM BLASTED VARMINT-WISH TH' LAW WERE HERE TO HANG 'EM ALL!
JIM ROSS- SMALL RANCHER. FIGHTS ALONE.

KILL THE DIRTY DOG. HE AIN'T GOT MANY MORE SHELLS LEFT!

COME ON "TANG", LET'S GIVE A HAND TO THE OLD FELLOW. HE SURE NEEDS US!

YOU RATS DIDN'T EXPECT US!
BANG
O-OH, HE GOT ME!
LET'S BEAT IT-

RETURNING TO THE RANCHER BUDDY FINDS HIM WOUNDED.
ARE YOU BADLY HURT? LET ME TAKE YOU HOME!
THANKS PAL, DON'T KNOW IF I'LL LAST LONG ENOUGH!-- THEM CATTLE THIEVES TOOK THE REST O'MY STOCK,- THREE-FINGER--HIDE-OUT IN HILLS-NO WAY-DISAPPEAR IN ROCK-BAD COUNTRY--- MANY A MAN NEVER CAME BACK-

NOW THAT YOUR DAD IS HOME, HE SHOULD GET WELL WITH PROPER CARE. I'LL FIND OUT ABOUT THE RUSTLERS - WHEN YOU SEE THREE PILLARS OF SMOKE, BRING THE OTHER RANCHERS TO "DEAD-END".
I'LL GET THEM - AND THANKS FOR BRINGING DAD HOME!
HAVING BROUGHT THE RANCHER HOME, BUDDY TALKS TO HIS DAUGHTER.

DON'T FORGET THE SIGN!
I WON'T AND - OH DO BE CAREFUL!

WELL - WHAT'S THAT?

TURN BACK! DEATH LURKS AHEAD!

SOME WARN--

THAT WAS CLOSE!
AT THE FIRST SHOT, "TANG" CARRIES BUDDY IN A TREMENDOUS LEAP OUT OF THE HAIL OF BULLETS.
ZING
ZING
ZING

AND NOW WE'LL SEE WHO GAVE US THAT WARM WELCOME. IT MUST HAVE COME FROM THE TOP OF THE ROCKS ABOVE "DEAD END"!

I THOUGHT SO, A LOOKOUT, TWO OF THEM - THIS WILL TAKE SOME FANCY CLIMBING
LEAVING "TANG", BUDDY CAREFULLY APPROACHES FROM THE OTHER SIDE, TAKING COVER BEHIND EVERY STONE AND BUSH.

IF ONLY THAT ROCK HOLDS IT WON'T BE LONG NOW BEFORE I REACH THAT LEDGE
HAVING THROWN THE LASSO OVER A PROTRUDING ROCK, HE PULLS HIMSELF NOISELESSLY UP WARDS

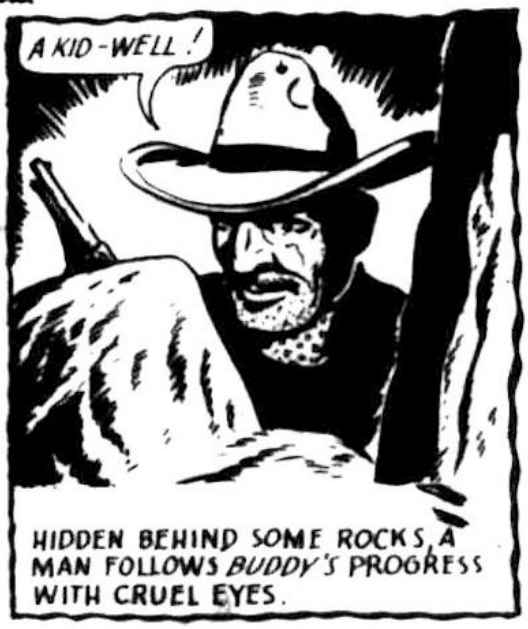
MUST'A SCARED THE DAYLIGHTS OUT'A HIM!
YOU'LL FIND OUT SOON ENOUGH -
WONDER WHO HE WAS?

LIKE A BOLT OUT OF THE BLUE SKY, BUDDY HURLS HIMSELF AT THE TWO SENTRIES, KNOCKING THEM TO THE GROUND.

WITH LIGHTNING SPEED *BUDDY* DUCKS GRABING *RED'S* WRISTS AND PLUMMETING HIM OVER THE CLIFF.

WITH A TERRIFYING SCREAM, *RED* PLUNGES THROUGH SPACE TO DEATH ON THE ROCKS BELOW.

THIS TIME THERE'S NO FIREWORKS TO GREET US - THE TRACKS SEEM TO LEAD STRAIGHT THROUGH "DEAD END".


A KID - WELL !
HIDDEN BEHIND SOME ROCKS, A MAN FOLLOWS BUDDY'S PROGRESS WITH CRUEL EYES.

SUDDENLY A MOVEMENT AHEAD DRAWS BUDDY'S EYES AND TWO SHOTS RE-VERBERATE ALONG THE STEEP WALLS
BANG

CIRCLING AROUND A BIG BOULDER, HE CATCHES SIGHT OF A HUMAN FIGURE SCAMPERING BETWEEN THE ROCKS.
SURRENDER!

THAT'S NO KID!

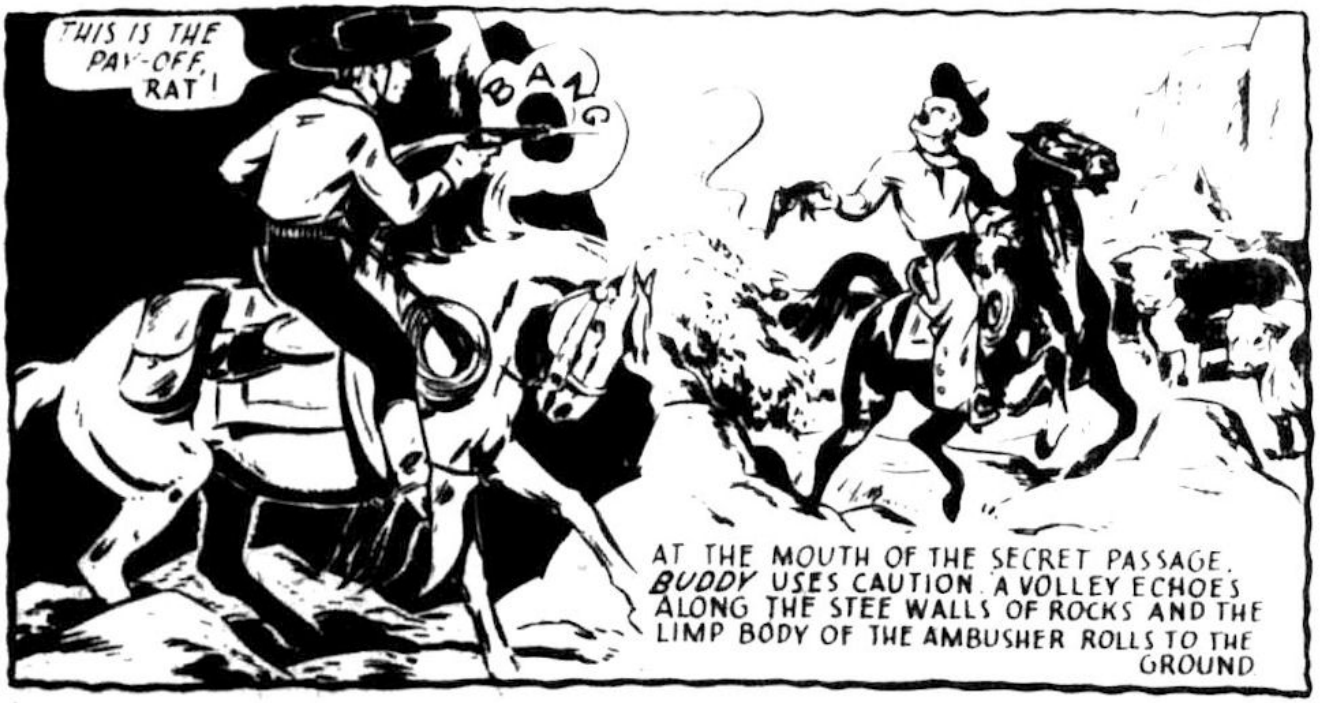
HE CAN'T GET AWAY. THIS IS A DEAD-END WITHOUT EXIT -
SPURRING "TANG", BUDDY CHASES AFTER THE SHADOW.

WONDER WHERE HE DISAPPEARED? FALLING WATER-A FEW BUSHES!?

WELL, THAT'S IT, AN OPENING, THE SECRET OF "DEAD END"!

NOW TO SEE THE OTHER SIDE OF IT.
TURNING A BEND IN THE PASSAGE, BUDDY SEES THE RUSTLER DASHING OUT THE OTHER END.

AND THIS IS THE HIDEOUT! CATTLE-LOTS OF THEM-MUST BE A PROFITABLE BUSINESS!


THIS IS THE PAY-OFF, RAT!
BANG
AT THE MOUTH OF THE SECRET PASSAGE, BUDDY USES CAUTION. A VOLLEY ECHOES ALONG THE STEE WALLS OF ROCKS AND THE LIMP BODY OF THE AMBUSHER ROLLS TO THE GROUND

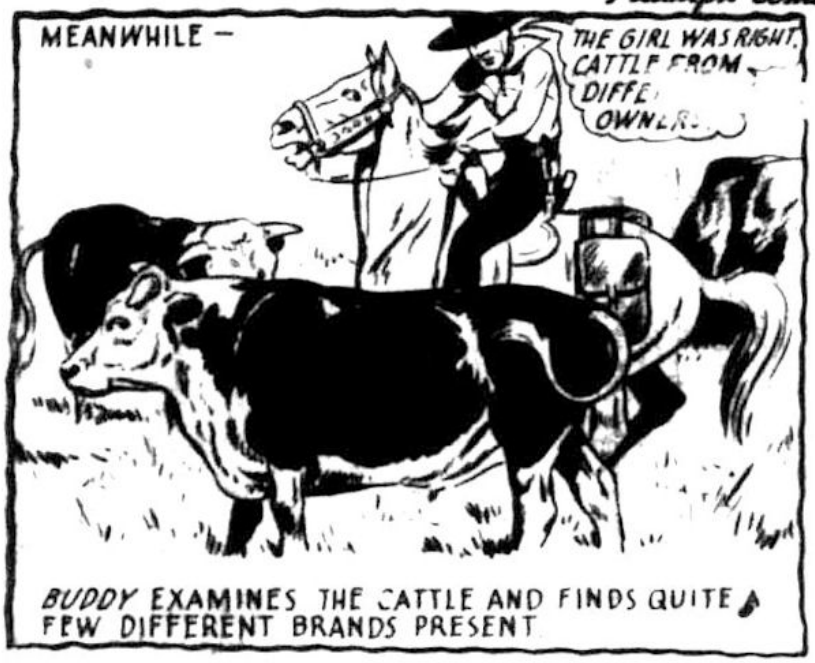
MEANWHILE –
HEY. JACK, GO SEE WHAT'S THE SHOOTIN' ABOUT!
I'LL GO. BOSS!
AT THE OTHER END OF THE VALLEY "THREE-FINGERS" AND HIS GANG CELEBRATE THE SUCCESSFUL RAID.

A WHITE RIDER AND NO SIGN O' PETE, A STRANGER.
FOLLOWING "THREE-FINGERS" ORDER, ONE OF THE CATTLE-RUSTLERS SEES BUDDY.

A WHITE HORSE-MAN, - PETE MUSTA BEEN KILLT!
RUSHING BACK, THE ALARM IS SPREAD.

GIT THE HOSSES!
THE WHOLE BUNCH GET TO THEIR FEET IN WILD HASTE, RUNNING FOR THEIR HORSES.

KILL THAT HOMBRE!
MOUNTING THEIR PONIES, THE GANG OF CUT-THROATS DASH OUT TO KILL THE STRANGER WHO SUCCEEDED IN PENETRATING THEIR SECRET. OVER LOOSE ROCKS AND BOULDERS THEY SPEED TO CUT OFF HIS RETREAT.


MEANWHILE –
THE GIRL WAS RIGHT. CATTLE FROM DIFFE OWNER
BUDDY EXAMINES THE CATTLE AND FINDS QUITE A FEW DIFFERENT BRANDS PRESENT

MUST BE A THOUSAND HEAD HERE, WAITING FOR A DRIVE.

SEEMS I AM GETTING COMPANY!
THE SUDDEN SOUND OF BEATING HOOFS MAKES BUDDY TURN AROUND AND HE SEES THE GANG DRIVING THEIR HORSES THROUGH THE CATTLE TOWARDS HIM.

GIT 'IM BOYS!
STILL TOO FAR, "THREE FINGERS" OPENS FIRE

MUST BE FIVE OF THEM, NOT TOO BAD!
SEEING HIS EXIT CUT OFF, BUDDY SPURRING "TANG" TAKES A NARROW PATH ALONG THE MOUNTAIN SIDE, NOT KNOWING WHERE IT WILL LEAD HIM.

THAT SHOULD TEACH YOU NOT TO CROWD ME!
BANG
UPWARDS GOES THE CHASE. SURE FOOTED "TANG" CARRIES BUDDY ALONG THE NARROW TRAIL.

OUT OF THE SADLE PLUMMETS THE SHOT OUTLAW, LEAVING A RIDERLESS HORSE IN THE PURSUIT.

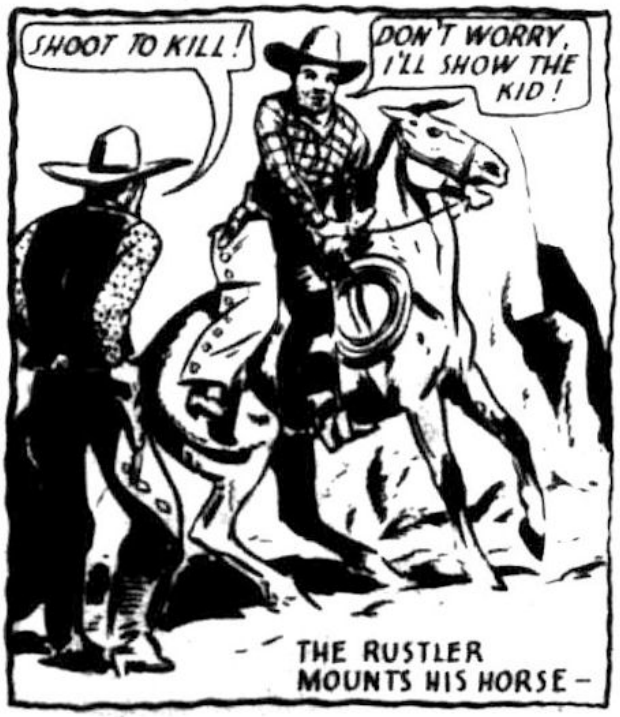
WELL PAL, YOU CERTAINLY SAVED ME NOW. IT COULD HAVE BEEN A DROP OF 200 FEET AND CURTAINS!
TAKING A LAST TURN "TANG" SUDDENLY SWINGS AROUND. THE PATH ENDS HERE AT A CAVE.

THEY KNOW THEY HAVE ME TRAPPED, WONDER WHAT THEY'LL DO NEXT?
HALT, BOYS!

NOW WE GOT YE!
COME ON RATS, YOU'LL GET SOME WELCOME!
HE AINT GONNA GET OUT 'A THIS!
ON "THREE-FINGERS" COMMAND, NOT DARING TO GO ANY FURTHER THE BAND DISMOUNTS.

ONE O'YE GOT TO CLIMB THE ROCK-
BOSS, I GOT A BETTER IDEA-LEMME DO IT. I'LL GIT 'IM DEAD SURE- I KNOW A TRICK THAT'LL BEAT HIM!
"TREE-FINGERS" DISCUSSES WITH HIS GANG HOW TO GET THE WHITE STRANGER.

THEY MUST BE UP TO SOMETHING IF WILL SOON SEE. LUCKY I DIDN'T GO OVER THIS CLIFF!
BUDDY, HIDDEN BEHIND A ROCK, WATCHES AND WONDERS WHAT THE NEXT MOVE WILL BE.


SHOOT TO KILL!
DON'T WORRY, I'LL SHOW THE KID!
THE RUSTLER MOUNTS HIS HORSE-

BET'CHA TH'KID WON'T KNOW HOW I GOT THERE!
AND CHARGES UP THE NARROW PATH.

AN' NOW TO JUMP OFF-
HEARING ONE HORSES' RAPIDLY APPROACHING HOOF-BEATS, BUDDY GETS READY TO SHOOT IT OUT.

WHILE JUMPING OFF, THE OUTLAWS-FOOT GETS CAUGHT IN THE STIRRUP –

AND WITH A TERRIFYING SCREAM, HORSE AND RIDER FLY OVER THE CLIFF.

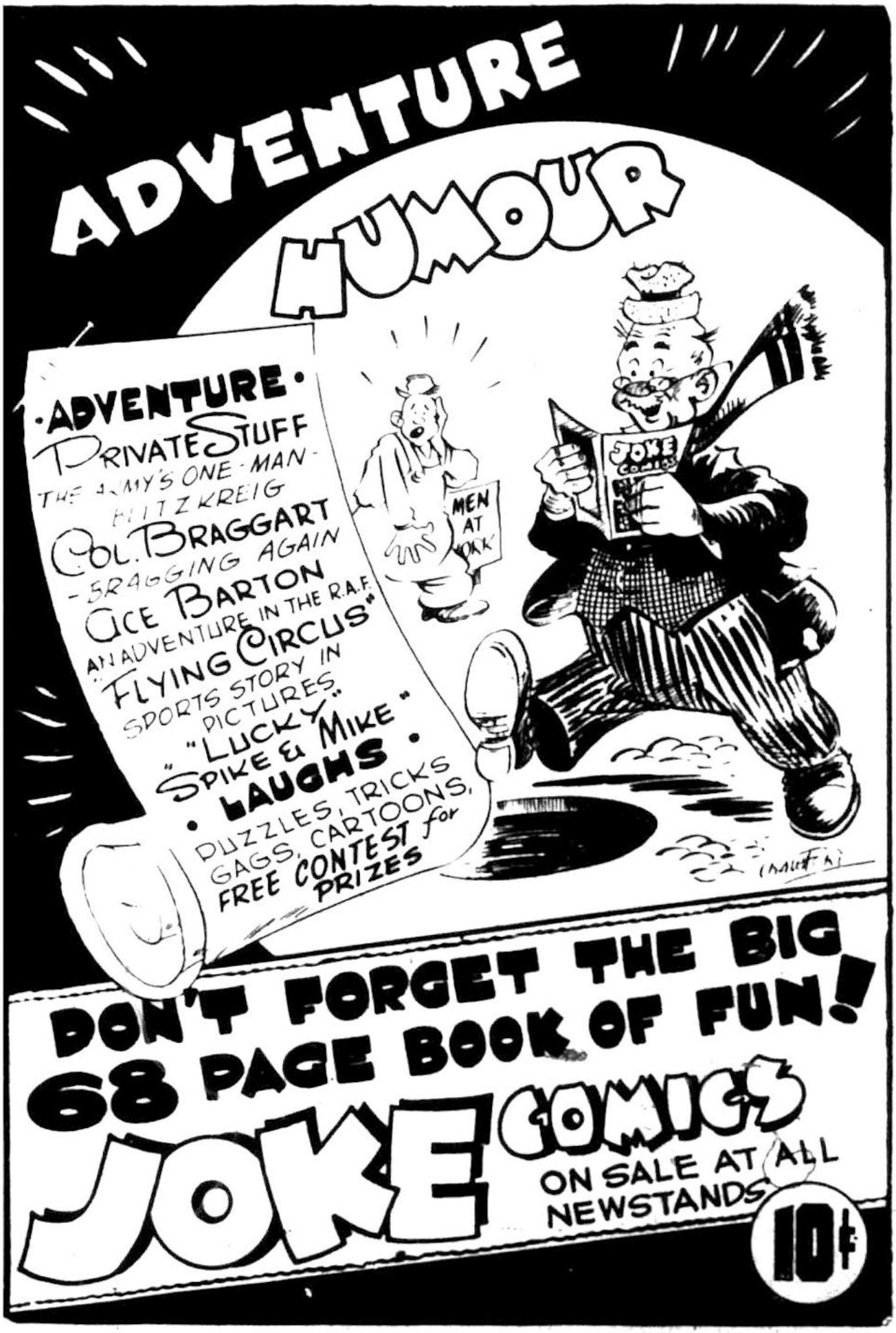
FINDING ANOTHER OF THE GANG GONE. "THREE-FINGERS" FEINTS RETREAT, MOUNTING THEIR HORSES, THEY DISAPPEAR DOWN THE PATH, LEAVING *BUDDY* ALONE.

DON'T MISS BUDDY'S NEXT THRILLING ADVENTURE! WILL HE ESCAPE "THREE-FINGERS" GANG?

READ –

TRIUMPH COMICS

RECRUTING STATION
NO. 4.
ARMY NEEDS YOU JOIN NOW
"OF COURSE I STILL LOVE YOU FRED WHY DO YOU ASK?"
MICKEY OWENS.


ADVENTURE
HUMOUR
·ADVENTURE·
PRIVATE STUFF
THE ARMY'S ONE-MAN-BLITZKREIG
COL. BRAGGART
-BRAGGING AGAIN
ACE BARTON
AN ADVENTURE IN THE R.A.F.
"FLYING CIRCUS"
SPORTS STORY IN PICTURES
"LUCKY"
"SPIKE & MIKE"
· LAUGHS ·
PUZZLES, TRICKS
GAGS, CARTOONS,
FREE CONTEST for PRIZES
MEN AT WORK
JOKE COMICS
DON'T FORGET THE BIG
68 PAGE BOOK OF FUN!
JOKE COMICS
ON SALE AT ALL NEWSTANDS
10¢

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY ROSS M. SAAKEL

CAPT. WONDER

SYNOPSIS

SWOOPING OVER THE DESOLATE SPOT KNOWN AS BACHLE BLUFF, WHILE ON HIS NOCTURNAL MID-NIGHT PROWL, CAPT. WONDER SIGHTS A WOMAN BEING PURSUED BY A YOUNG MAN. THE WOMAN FAINTS AND THE MAN GATHERS HER UP IN HIS ARMS. CAPT. WONDER DROPS BEFORE THEM AND DEMANDS AN EXPLANATION. THE YOUNG MAN IDENTIFIES HIMSELF AS JACK McLORY AND HE EXPLAINS THAT THE UNCONCIOUS GIRL IS HIS WIFE. QUESTIONING JACK FURTHER CAPT. WONDER DISCOVERS THAT THE YOUNG COUPLE HAD BEEN VISITED BY SATAN, AND HE HAD LEFT A SMALL BABY WITH THEM. WHILE THE McLORYS SLEEP, CAPT. WONDER WATCHES THE CHILD FROM A WINDOW OUTSIDE. SOMETIME LATER THE BABY DROPS STEALTHILY TO THE FLOOR. IT IS ENGULFED BY A PULSATING LIGHT. FROM THE SPOT WHERE IT HAD STOOD A HUGE NIGHT-MARE FIGURE EMERGES. CAPT. WONDER FOLLOWS THE MONSTER AND WHEN IT ATTEMPTS TO KILL A YOUNG GIRL, THE MIGHTY NEMESIS RESCUES HER. THE MONSTER HURRIES BACK TO THE McLORY ABODE AND ABDUCTS SHIRLEY. CAPT. WONDER FOLLOWS THEM TO HADES AND HE AND THE MONSTER BEGIN TO FIGHT.

OVER YOU GO! -AND WITH YOU GOES ALL MY TROUBLES— I HOPE!
AIE-E-E-

OOH CAPT SNIFF WONDER, I-I WAS SO SNIFF FRIGHTENED! SOBS!!
THERE NOW...DON'T CRY.... EVERY— THING'S ALL RIGHT NOW....I'M GOING TO TAKE YOU BACK TO LIFE— AND YOUR HUSBAND!

SURELY YOU'RE NOT PLANNING TO LEAVE SO SOON—WHY YOU JUST ARRIVED! I'D LIKE YOU TO STAY HERE AS MY-ER —UH— GUESTS!
THANKS FOR THE INVITE, TALL, DARK AND UGLY, BUT THE LITTLE LADY AND I HAVE OTHER PLANS!
OH!
POOF

THEN YOU'LL HAVE TO CHANGE THEM, BECAUSE IT'S IMPOSSIBLE FOR ANYONE TO LEAVE MY DOMAIN WITHOUT ME FIRST WILLING IT—AND I AM VERY RELUCTANT TO LET YOU GO!!

I GUESS YOU'RE OUR ONLY TICKET OUT OF THIS "JANITOR'S PARADISE," AND ALL TICKETS MUST BE PUNCHED!!.....HEY??
HA HA

HA HA HA HA HA
YOU SEEM SURPRISED THAT YOUR BLOWS HAD NO EFFECT ON ME! DID YOU THINK THAT A MORTAL LIKE YOURSELF COULD HARM THE KING OF ALL THAT IS EVIL? I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO GIVE YOU A FEW LESSONS IN THE ART OF SELF DEFENSE!

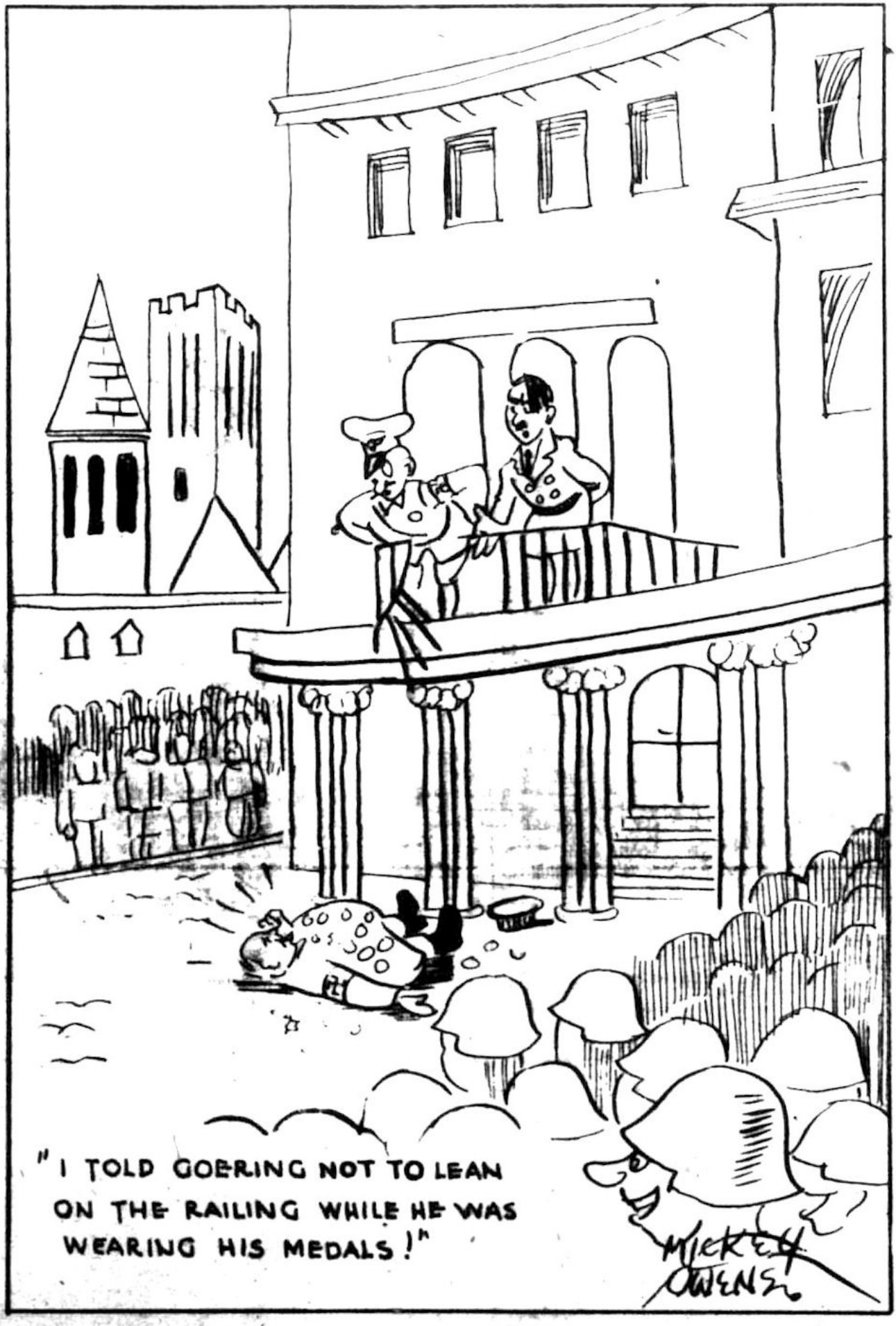
THIS IS LESSON NUMBER ONE.....
OW-WWCH!!
PLEASE DON'T KEEP ME AFTER SCHOOL FOR LAUGHING, TEACHER —I CAN'T SEEM TO CONTROL MYSELF!

OW! MY HAND! YOU'VE BROKEN MY HAND!

THAT'S NOT ALL THAT WILL BE BROKEN, IF YOU DON'T RECONSIDER LETTING US GO!
GULP! CAN'T WE TALK THIS THING OVER SENSIBLY?
THE ONLY SENSIBLE THING WOULD BE TO PASTE HIM IN THE KISSER, — CAPT. WONDER
TCH TCH REMEMBER SHIRLEY.....YOU'RE A LADY!" OKAY SATAN SAY YOUR PIECE, BUT MAKE IT SHORT AND SWEET
THANK YOU! SEEING AS HOW WE CAN NOT HARM ONE ANOTHER PHYSICALLY IT WOULD BE FOOL HARDY FOR US TO BATTLE. I PROPOSE THAT WE COMPARE OUR POWERS, THE LESS SUPERIOR CEDES VICTORY TO THE OTHER BUT I SUPPOSE WITH SUCH HIGH STAKES YOU'RE TOO YELLOW TO ACCEPT
SMILE WHEN YOU MAKE A CRACK LIKE THAT!! I HAVE YET TO REFUSE A CHALLENGE!
HEH HEH I THOUGHT A BLOW TO HIS EGO WOULD CAUSE HIM TO AGREE MORE READILY!
VERY WELL CAPT. WONDER - FOLLOW ME I SHALL EXPLAIN ALL THE DETAILS AS WE GO!
I WARN YOU SATAN IF THIS IS A TRICK YOU'LL REGRET IT!

THIS IS NO STRATAGEM, I ASSURE YOU! MY ONLY PURPOSE IN TAKING YOU DEEPER INTO MY REALM IS TO GIVE US MORE ROOM IN WHICH TO DISPLAY OUR POWERS!
CAPT. WONDER, L-L-LOOK!
THIS IS GOING TO BE A PLEASURE TRIP FOR ME
AT WHAT?
MAYBE I'M BATTY— BUT FOR A MOMENT I THOUGHT THOSE TREES, UP AHEAD, LOOKED HUMAN!
YOU ARE PERFECTLY SANE MY LOVELY ONE! THESE ARE — OR SHOULD I SAY WERE HUMANS! HUMANS WHO HAD GROWN TIRED OF LIFE AND IT'S BURDENS, SO THEY FOOLISHLY DECIDED TO PUT AN END TO IT ALL BY COMMITTING SUICIDE! TO THEIR BITTER DISMAY THEY FOUND, NOT THE PEACE THEY HAD HOPED FOR— BUT A NEW EXISTENCE— A LIFE OF FAR GREATER SUFFERING AND PAIN THAN THAT ONE WHICH THEY HAD SO STUPIDLY TOSSED AWAY!!

THEN THIS IS THE FATE OF ALL WHO TAKE THEIR OWN LIFE??
CORRECT!! BUT LET US KEEP IT A DARK SECRET BETWEEN OURSELVES IF THE JAPANESE FOUND OUT, THEY WOULD PROBABLY DISCONTINUE THEIR PRACTICE OF COMMITTING HARI-KARI EVERY TIME THE ALLIES DEFEATED THEM, AND I WANT MY FOREST TO EXPAND!!
I'LL KEEP YOUR SECRET TO MYSELF IF YOU'LL ANSWER A QUESTION THAT'S BEEN HAUNTING ME! WILL HITLER'S SOUL COME TO HE WHEN HE DIES??
WHAT SOUL?
CUT THE COMEDY FELLAS! I'M ANXIOUS TO GET OUT OF THIS AWFUL PLACE AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!
DON'T BE SO IMPATIENT MY DEAR! YOU CAN ONLY LEAVE IF CAPT. WONDER'S POWERS PROVE GREATER THAN MINE!!
AND WHAT IF THEY DON'T?
IN THAT CASE YOU AND THE YOUNG LADY SHALL BECOME MY SUBJECTS AND LIVE "HAPPILY" UNDER MY RULE— FOR EVER!
GULP! I'M READY WHENEVER YOU ARE!
CAPT. WONDER IS ON THE SPOT. CAN HE OUTWIT THE DEVIL? FOLLOW THE LAST EPISODE IN NEXT MONTH'S TRIUMPH COMICS


"I TOLD GOERING NOT TO LEAN ON THE RAILING WHILE HE WAS WEARING HIS MEDALS!"
MICKEY OWENS

"HE'S HERE"
DIZZY DON
DETECTIVE
AT ALL NEWS STANDS
OR
A COMIC BOOK WITH ALL GOOD THINGS TO READ
10¢

YOU MAY BE THE BLACK SHEEP BUT YOU CAN'T PULL THE WOOL OVER MY EYES!

BUT MOM, I'M NOT HUNGRY. I JUST ATE THE RAISINS ON THE FLY-PAPER!

THAT'S A LOTTA BULL!

J. O'HENLY...

ACE
BARTON
BURT, TWO OF OUR BEST PILOTS HAVE BEEN LOST TRYING TO FLY DIAMONDS TO THE COAST—
IT'S UP TO YOU TO GET THROUGH!
H'I'LL DO ME BLIMKIN BEST—
ACE BARTON, CANADIAN YOUTH AND BURT CUNNINGHAM, HIS COCKNEY SIDE-KICK, BOTH SERVING WITH THE ROYAL AIR FORCE, HAVE BEEN TRANSFERED TO SOUTH AFRICA TO SOLVE WAR-TIME PROBLEMS AT THE BRITISH DIAMOND MINES .....
by ROSS M. SAAKEL

LATER, IN THE RADIO SHACK -----
CALLING PILOT CUNNINGHAM-PILOT CUNNINGHAM—COME IN PLEASE!..... HE DOESN'T ANSWER, SIR!

OUR GOVERNMENT NEEDS DIAMONDS BADLY, FOR USE IN THE FACTORIES! WE'VE GOT TO GET THEM THROUGH! YOU'RE OUR LAST HOPE 'ACE'!
I'LL TAKE OFF IMMEDIATELY!

YOU'LL FOLLOW THIS ROUTE, BUT BE ON THE ALERT ABOUT HERE, THAT'S THE AREA WHERE THE OTHER THREE PILOTS DID THEIR VANISHING ACT!
YES SIR!

THE DIAMONDS YOUR CARRYING ARE WORTH A KING'S RANSOM, ACE! IF YOUR CAPTURED, GET RID OF THEM, SOMEHOW! THEY MUST NOT FALL INTO NAZI HANDS!!
GAS CHECKED! GUNS CHECKED! RADIO CHECKED! EVERYTHING'S IN ORDER SIR!

ONE THING MORE, KEEP IN CONSTANT TOUCH WITH US. WELL, GOOD LUCK I'LL HAVE MY FINGERS CROSSED!
THANK YOU, SIR! SOMETHING TELLS ME I'LL NEED IT!

LATER
I THINK I WILL HAVE SEEN EVERYTHING— WHEN I SEE A NAZI FLY.....

SHORT WAVE OBSERVATION POST NO. 4 CALLING AIRDROME!... ONE SINGLE-ENGINE, ENGLISH FIGHTER AIRPLANE, 500 FEET ALTITUDE SPOTTED BY OBSERVER SOUTH-SOUTH WEST FROM POST... ABOUT ONE MILE AWAY, HEADED NORTH EAST-- ESTIMATED SPEED: 200 MILES PER HOUR REPEATING: SHORT WAVE OBSERVA—

TION POST NO. 4 CALLING AIR-DROME. ONE SINGLE EN.....
ANODER ONE? DOSE STUPID BRITISH MUST HAFF MORE DIAMONDS DAN BRAINS!

QVICK! TO YOUR PLANES, DUMKOPFS!! A ENGLISH SHIP ISS HEADED DIS VAY!
DON'T DOSE BRITISH KNOW YEN DEY ISS BEATEN??

AND IN A NEARBY PRISON CELL—
IF I HAD THE WINGS OF AN ANGEL
WHAT 'AVE YOU GOT TO BE SO BUNKEN 'APPY ABOUT?
BURT, CURLEY, LISTEN!! IT'S AN AIRO-PLANE, SOUNDS LIKE ONE OF OURS!

AND BY THE WAY THESE NAZI PILOTS ARE RUNNING AROUND HI'D SAY YOU WERE RIGHT!
TWO QUID TO ONE THAT HIT'S ME EVER LOVIN' SIDE-KICK, ACE!
HI'LL TAKE THAT WAGER, BURT!

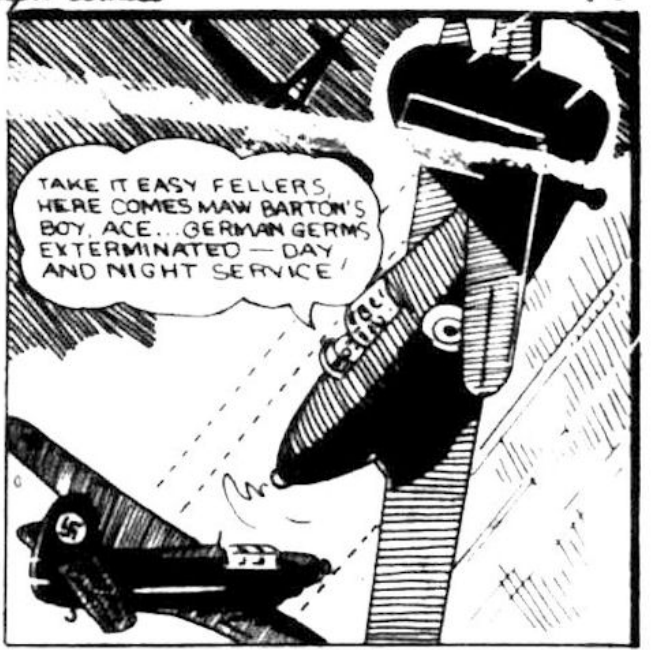
WHILE UP IN THE SKY
THIS IS APPROXIMATELY THE SPOT WHERE BURT AND THE OTHER TWO PILOTS DISAPPEARED, BUT THERE'S NO SIGN OF THEIR PLANES

SUDDENLY A GERMAN MESSERSHMITT 109, SHOOTS UP FROM THE DENSE AFRICAN JUNGLE.

ACE IS SO STARTLED HE ALMOST LOSES CONTROL OF HIS PLANE....
WHAT TH'!!
I MUST BE SEEING THINGS! AIROPLANES DON'T TAKE OFF FROM TREE TOPS, — THAT JERRY MUST HAVE SERVED AN APPRENTICESHIP WITH HOUDINI!

BARTON PULLS HARD ON HIS STICK, AND HIS PLANE CIRCLES WIDE

THEN HE QUICKLY SURVEYS THE GROUND BELOW. A LONG NARROW RUNWAY HAD BEEN CLEARED AMONG THE TREES. UNLESS YOU FLEW DIRECTLY OVER IT YOU WOULD NEVER SEE IT.
A HIDDEN AIR-DROME IN THE HEART OF THE JUNGLE — WHY IT'S INCREDIBLE!

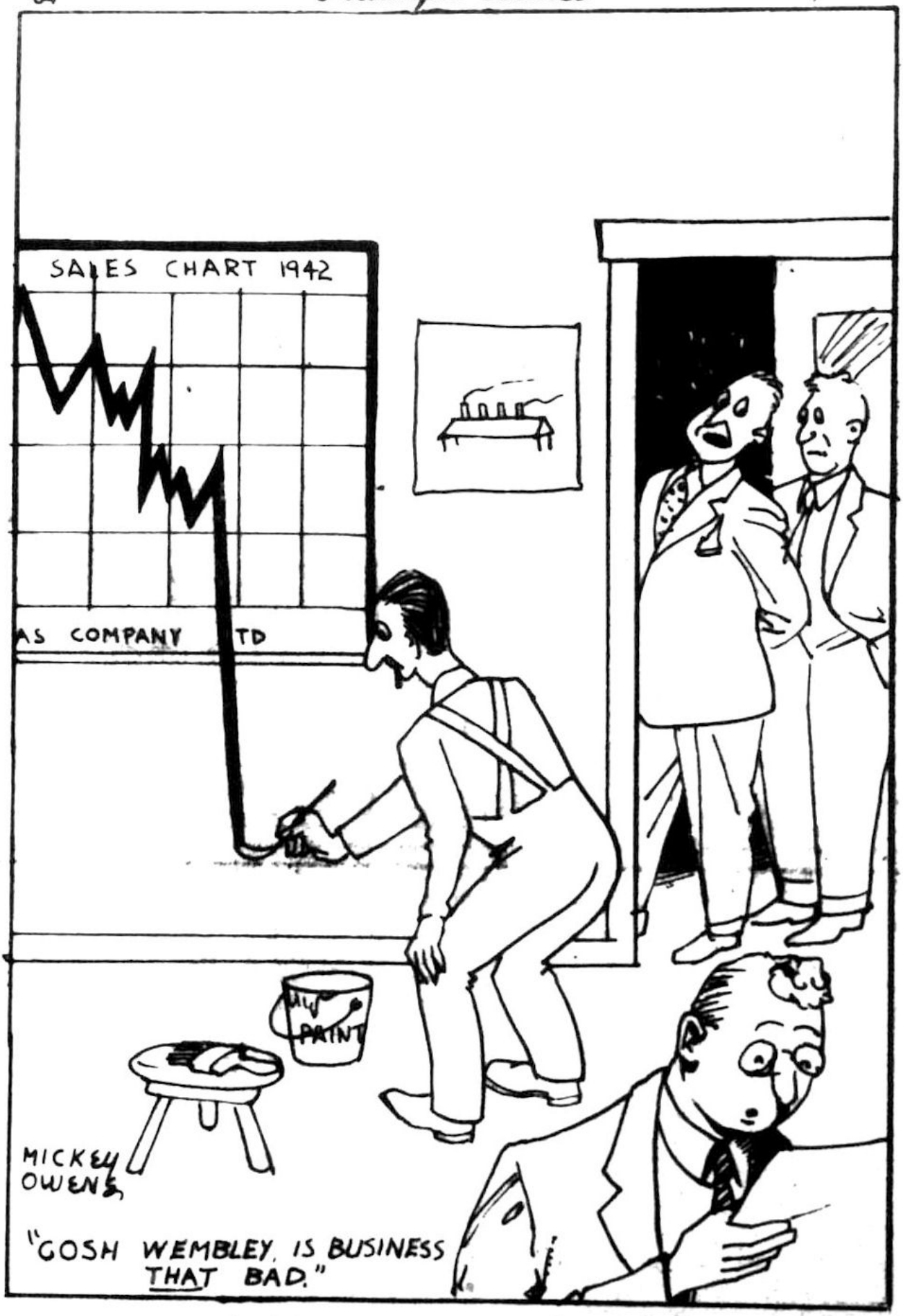


CAN **'ACE'** PULL OUT IN TIME TO AVERT A CRASH?.... BE SURE TO FOLLOW THE ACTION PACKED ADVENTURES OF **ACE BARTON,**

RAF

IN NEXT MONTH'S

Triumph Comics


SALES CHART 1942
AS COMPANY TD
PAINT
MICKEY OWENS
"GOSH WEMBLEY, IS BUSINESS THAT BAD."

"THE BIG 7"
TOPS IN MONTHLY COMIC MAGAZINES.
Triumph Comics
Commando Comics
Joke Comics
Dime Comics
Active Comics
Wow
Dizzy Dog
The Funny Comics
STARRING
"THE YOUNG COMMANDOS"
"ACE BRADLEY"
"THE SIGN OF FREEDOM."
"THE INVISIBLE COMMANDO"
"CLIFT. STEELE"
"WINGS OVER THE ATLANTIC"
AND MANY MORE
THRILLING FEATURES
BELL FEATURES
LOOK FOR THE BELL ON THE COVER.
ON SALE EVERYWHERE — 10¢.

HERE'S A CHANCE TO SECURE A COPY OF ANDREW D. MACLEAN'S THIRD EDITION OF

THE MOST PROMINENT CANADIAN STATESMAN OF ALL TIME.....

R. B. BENNETT

EDUCATIONAL

VIVID

IT IS A HANDSOMLY BOUND BLUE LINEN COVERED BOOK....

3RD. EDITION

HISTORICAL

THIS IS NOT A HEAVY, DETAILED, HISTORY OF A DULL POLITICAL FIGURE, BUT A SCINTILLATING PICTURE OF THIS STIRRING LEADER!

LEADERSHIP

NON-POLITICAL

TRANS CANADA MAIL ORDER CO
169 YORK ST, TORONTO

PLEASE FIND ENCLOSED 39¢ FOR WHICH SEND ME ANDREW D MACLEAN'S BOOK R B BENNETT

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY OR TOWN _____

PROV. _____